Things that loue night, loue not ſuch nights as theſe,
The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, ſuch ſheets of fire,
Such burſts of horred thunder, ſuch grones of
Roaring winde, and rayne, I ne're remember
To haue heard, mans nature cannot cary
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadful
Powther ore our heades, find out their enemies now,
Tremble thou wretch that haſt within thee
Vndivulged crimes, vnwhipt of Iuſtice,
Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou ſimular man of vertue that art inceſtious,
Caytiſe in peeces ſhake, that vnder couert
And conuenient ſeeming, haſt practiſed on mans life,
Cloſe pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,
And cry theſe dreadfull ſummoners grace,
I am a man more ſind againſt their ſinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is a houell, ſome friendſhip will it lend you gainſt the tempeſt, repoſe you there, whilſt I to this hard houſe, more hard then is the ſtone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demaunding after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their ſcanted curteſie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how doſt my boy, art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe, where is this ſtraw my fellow,
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange that can,
Make vild things precious, come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart
That ſorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. Hee that has a little tine witte, with hey ho the wind and the raine, muſt make content with his fortunes fit, for the raine, it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell?

Enter Gloſter and the Baſtard with lights.

Gloſt. Alacke alacke *Edmund* I like not this,

Vnnaturall